DEATH ON THE SPEEDWAY
HERE THEY COME, EFFIE!
ISN'T IT EXCITING!
CAldwell Hammett's
Adventures of
SAM SPADE
LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade every Sun day, on your Columbia (CBS) System station. See all listings in your local newspaper
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
BAM
OH! WHAT A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT!
SWEETHEART! THESE HIGH POWERED GLASSES TELL ME THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT. COME ON!
THERE'S THE CAR THAT WON EFFIE. THEY'RE PUTTING IT ON THAT TRUCK – HURRY!
LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE ANXIOUS TO GET AWAY
SAM TRIES TO LOOK AT THE RACING CAR... AND
HELP, POLICE!
For handsome hair get a bottle or tube of Wildroot Cream-Oil today! Ask your barber for a professional application
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC
QUICK, SAM! USE THIS W. LDROOT CREAM-O L SO THEY WON'T THINK YOU'RE A THUG TOO!
CHIEF, TH S HUB CAPS BEEN FILED SHARP AS A RAZOR TO CUT THE TIRE OF ANY CAR TRYING TO PASS
SMART WORK, SAM BUT TELL ME—HOW CAN YOU LOOK SO GOOD AFTER BEATING UP THESE GUYS!
THAT'S WHAT A LITTLE WILDROOT CREAM O L DOES FOR A GUY, CHIEF
SAM SPADE ASKS:
CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE FINGERNAIL TEST?
TRY IT. SCRATCH YOUR HEAD. IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS AND LOOSE UGLY DANDRUFF YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TON C, NON-ALCOHOLIC—CONTA NS SOOTHING LANOLIN
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC
LANOLIN
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
WILDROOT CO., INC.
EFFIE SAYS:
SMART G RLS USE WILDROOT CREAM OIL TOO! FOR QUICK GROOMING AND FOR RE LIEVING DRYNESS BETWEEN PERMANENTS YOU CAN'T BEAT WILDROOT CREAM OIL. AND MOTHERS FIND ITS WONDERFUL FOR TRAIN NG CHILDREN'S HA R

A Fawcett Publication

WOW COMICS

MAY
10¢
NO. 66

FOLLOW OZZIE'S NEW MONKEY SHINES

Plus!

THE DYNAMIC ESCAPADES OF

WESTERN HERO
TOM MIX

FLYING ACE
PHANTOM EAGLE

DETECTIVE DUO
[illegible] HARLET & PINKY

WOW COMICS

A Fawcett Publication

Executive Editor
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ROY ALD

CONTENTS

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HOPALONG CASSIDY

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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr.
PRESIDENT

MAY, 1948 Vol. 11 No. 66

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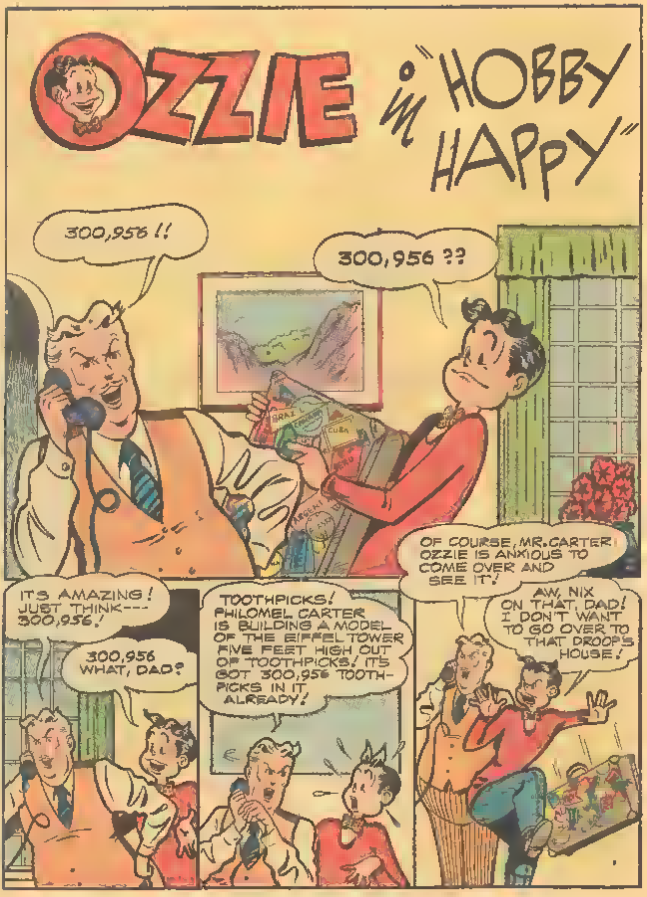
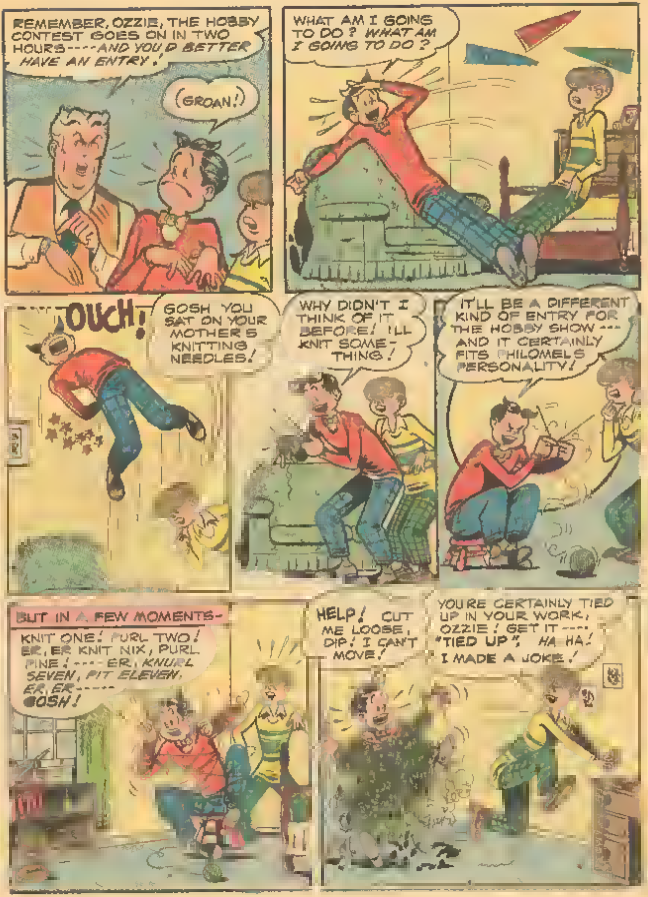

OZZIE in "HOBBY HAPPY"
300,956 !!
300,956 ??
OF COURSE, MR. CARTER OZZIE IS ANXIOUS TO COME OVER AND SEE IT!
AW, NIX ON THAT, DAD! I DON'T WANT TO GO OVER TO THAT DROOP'S HOUSE!
IT'S AMAZING! JUST THINK--- 300,956!
300,956 WHAT, DAD?
TOOTHPICKS! PHILOMEL CARTER IS BUILDING A MODEL OF THE EIFFEL TOWER FIVE FEET HIGH OUT OF TOOTHPICKS! IT'S GOT 300,956 TOOTHPICKS IN IT ALREADY!

NO, MR. CARTER OZZIE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING! HE'S JUST DYING TO COME OVER!
(GROAN!) I'LL DIE IF YOU DON'T STOP TWISTING MY ARM!
WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER, MR. CARTER!
OUCH! MY HAND!
C'MON, OZZIE. WE'RE GOING OVER AND LOOK AT PHILOMEL'S TOOTHPICK TOWER!
AW, WHAT FOR? THE ONLY TIME I'M INTERESTED IN TOOTHPICKS IS WHEN I HAVE SOMETHING IN MY TEETH!
YOU'LL BE INTERESTED WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT! PHILOMEL'S RATHER IS ONE OF MY BEST CUSTOMERS AND I'VE GOT TO KEEP ON THE GOOD SIDE OF HIM!
BUT I CAN'T GO NOW, DAD, I'VE GOT TO FINISH PATCHING UP MY OLD SUITCASE FOR MY FISHING TRIP TOMORROW!
IT'S BEEN ALL OVER THE WORLD AND I DON'T WANT IT TO FALL APART OVER THE WEEKEND!
MY BUSINESS WILL FALL APART IF WE DON'T GO OVER TO THE CARTERS'. C'MON.
SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE CARTERS' HOUSE----
PHILOMEL HAS BEEN WORKING ON THIS TOWER FOR MONTHS! HIS WHOLE LIFE IS WRAPPED UP IN WINNING TOMORROW'S HOBBY SHOW WITH IT!

IT'S WONDERFUL! JUST WONDERFUL! YOU CAN BE PROUD OF YOUR SON, MR. CARTER!
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, OZZIE?
THOSE TOOTHPICKS REMIND ME I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE DENTIST TO HAVE A CAVITY FILLED!
WHAT!! OF ALL THE IMPUDENCE!
(GULP)
HEH, HEH! OZZIE WILL HAVE HIS JOKES! THAT REALLY MEANS HE'S CRAZY ABOUT IT, ISN'T THAT SO, OZZIE?
OUCH!
ER ER--- YES!
DO YOU REALLY MEAN THAT, OZZIE?
FOR MY FATHER'S BUSINESS, I'LL HAVE TO SAY SO!
SURE! I'M JUST DYING TO ADD A TOOTHPICK TO THE TOWER MYSELF!
PLEASE BE CAREFUL, OZZIE!
MAYBE YOU'D BETTER NOT DO IT, SON!
DON'T WORRY! I'M HANDY AT THIS STUFF!
(GULP!)
WATCH OUT!!! IT'S GOING TO FALL!!
OOOOOH!
IT'S FALLING THE OTHER WAY! HELP! DO SOMETHING!
(GROAN!)
I'M GOING TO FAINT!

LOOK! IT'S OKAY! I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU ALL WERE SO WORRIED!
NOW I'LL STRAIGHTEN OUT THAT TOOTHPICK ON TOP!
GET AWAY FROM THERE!
LEAVE IT ALONE, OZZIE!
(GULP!)
NOW YOU DID IT!
HELP! PHILOMEL HAS PASSED OUT!
CRASH!
THE HOBBY SHOW IS TOMORROW, OZZIE! IF YOU DON'T GET SOMETHING TO REPLACE THE TOWER, SO PHILOMEL CAN WIN, YOUR FATHER WILL NEVER GET ANY MORE BUSINESS FROM ME!
(GROAN!)
(GULP!)
AND IF I DON'T GET ANY MORE BUSINESS FROM YOU, MR. CARTER OZZIE WILL GET THE BUSINESS FROM ME!
THE NEXT MORNING---
PHEW! I CAN HARDLY KEEP MY EYES OPEN! I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THIS MODEL OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY ALL NIGHT!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT, OUTSIDE THE DOOR----
I THINK I'LL GO IN AND SEE IF OZZIE IS UP YET.

HUH?
SMASH!
(GROAN) MY MODEL---- IT'S RUINED!
YOU BLUBBERHEAD!! YOU BROKE MY SUBSTITUTE ENTRY FOR PHILOMEL'S EIFFEL TOOTHPICK TOWER THAT I WRECKED!
NOW WHAT AM I GONNA DO? I JUST GOTTA GET SOMETHING TO ENTER FOR PHILOMEL AT THE HOBBY SHOW!
SAY! HOW ABOUT PASTING UP A STAMP ALBUM?
I'LL TRY ANYTHING! I'VE GOT SOME STAMPS IN MY DESK!
SNAP!
SHORTLY AFTER--
HOW'S IT GOING, OZZIE?
TERRIBLE, DIP!
ALL THE STAMPS ARE STUCK ON MY HANDS AND I CAN'T GET THEM OFF!
IT'S NO USE! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO MAKE A STAMP ALBUM!
RIP!
RIP!


REMEMBER, OZZIE, THE HOBBY CONTEST GOES ON IN TWO HOURS----AND YOU'D BETTER HAVE AN ENTRY!
(GROAN!)
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
OUCH!
GOSH YOU SAT ON YOUR MOTHER'S KNITTING NEEDLES!
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE! I'LL KNIT SOMETHING!
IT'LL BE A DIFFERENT KIND OF ENTRY FOR THE HOBBY SHOW--- AND IT CERTAINLY FITS PHILOMEL'S PERSONALITY!
BUT IN A FEW MOMENTS-
KNIT ONE! PURL TWO! ER, ER KNIT NIX, PURL FINE! ----ER, KNURL SEVEN, PIT ELEVEN. ER, ER ----- GOSH!
HELP! CUT ME LOOSE, DIP! I CAN'T MOVE!
YOU'RE CERTAINLY TIED UP IN YOUR WORK, OZZIE! GET IT----, "TIED UP"! HA HA! I MADE A JOKE!

I'M IN NO MOOD FOR WISECRACKS! THIS KNITTING IDEA IS NO GOOD! AND THAT LEAVES ME WHERE I WAS BEFORE --- WITHOUT AN ENTRY FOR THE SHOW!
RIP!
RIP!
JUST A REMINDER OZZIE! THE HOBBY SHOW GOES ON IN AN HOUR!
(GROAN!)
THIS CALLS FOR DESPERATE MEASURES!
HUH? WHAT KIND OF HOBBY ENTRY ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE WITH A ROPE?
I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE A HOBBY ENTRY---
---I'M GOING TO MAKE A NOOSE AND HANG MYSELF! THERES NO OTHER WAY OUT FOR ME!
DON'T BE A COWARD! FACE THE MUSIC LIKE A MAN! PACK UP YOUR BELONGINGS GO DOWN TO THE HOBBY SHOW, TELL THEM WHAT HAPPENED AND THEN LEAVE HOME!
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, DIP! THAT'S JUST WHAT I'LL DO! NOW TO PACK MY SUITCASE!

SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE HOBBY SHOW----
I'M WORRIED TURNER! PHILOMELS HAD A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN SINCE OZZIE BROKE HIS TOOTHPICK TOWER! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO MY BOY IF OZZIE DOESN'T HAVE A GOOD ENTRY!
I KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO MY BOY-----I'LL MURDER HIM!
THERE'S YOUR FATHER WITH MR. CARTER AND PHILOMEL!
ER, MAYBE I OUGHT TO LEAVE TOWN NOW AND WRITE THEM A LETTER EXPLAINING EVERYTHING AFTERWARD!
PHILOMEL CARTER
IT'S TOO LATE, OZZIE! THEY'VE SEEN YOU! C'MON!
A-A--ALL R-RIGHT I'M CO-COMING! BUT I MIGHT AS WELL LEAVE MY SUITCASE HERE.
PHILOMEL CARTER
OZZIE! YOU'RE LATE! WHERE'S THE ENTRY?
(GULP!) ER, ER--
IF YOU DIDN'T BRING ANYTHING, OZZIE, I'LL---
QUIET PLEASE, EVERYONE! I'M GOING TO ANNOUNCE THE WINNER OF THIS YEAR'S HOBBY SHOW! THE WINNER IS---
--PHILOMEL CARTER, FOR HIS WONDERFUL SUITCASE WITH LABELS FROM ALL THE FOREIGN COUNTRIES ON IT!
HURRAY! YOU WON THE CONTEST AFTER ALL, PHILOMEL!
HUH?
YIPPEE!
I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON MY BOY OZZIE!
I'LL DOUBLE MY ORDER WITH YOU, TURNER!
PHEW! IT'S A GOOD THING PHILOMEL DOESN'T NEED THIS WHEELCHAIR ANY MORE--I NEED IT MYSELF!

Willie
"BLOCK HEAD"
PARDON ME YOUNG MAN I'M A STRANGER IN TOWN PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP ME
SURE, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW ?
HOW FAR IS IT TO THE MOVIES ?
WHICH WAY DO YOU WANT TO GO ?
WHY, ARE THERE TWO WAYS ?
YES IF YOU GO THAT WAY, YOU WALK TWO MILES, THEN TURN RIGHT WALK FOUR MILES AND THEN TURN LEFT
BUT IF YOU GO THIS WAY
IT'S ONLY ONE BLOCK!
SHOW

TELLS TIME BY THE SUN
PLASTIC DIAL GLOWS AT NIGHT
MAGNETIC COMPASS
CASE AND STEM GOLDEN COLOR
METAL MIRROR FOR SIGNALING
ACTUAL SIZE ILLUSTRATED

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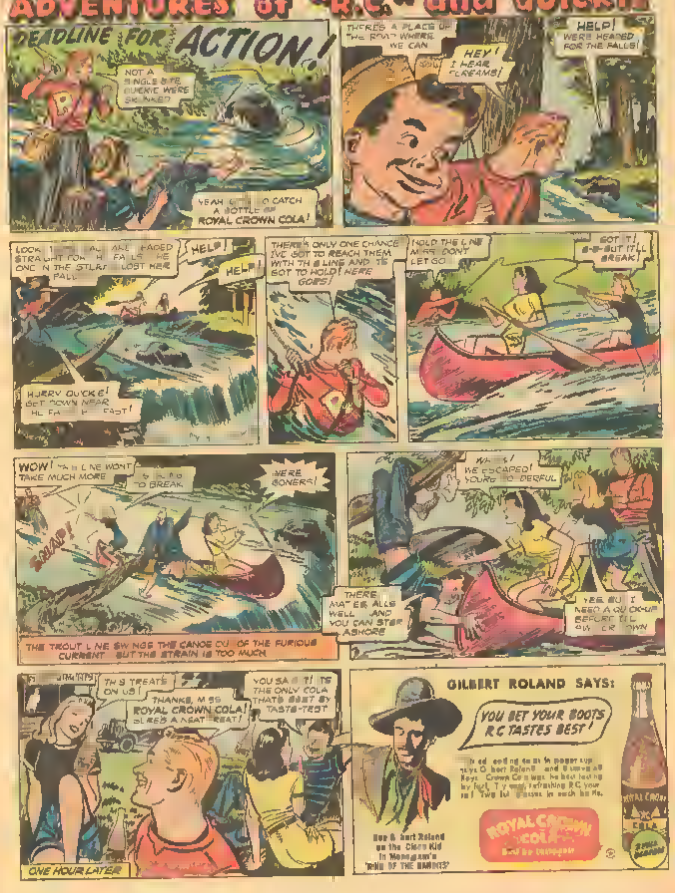
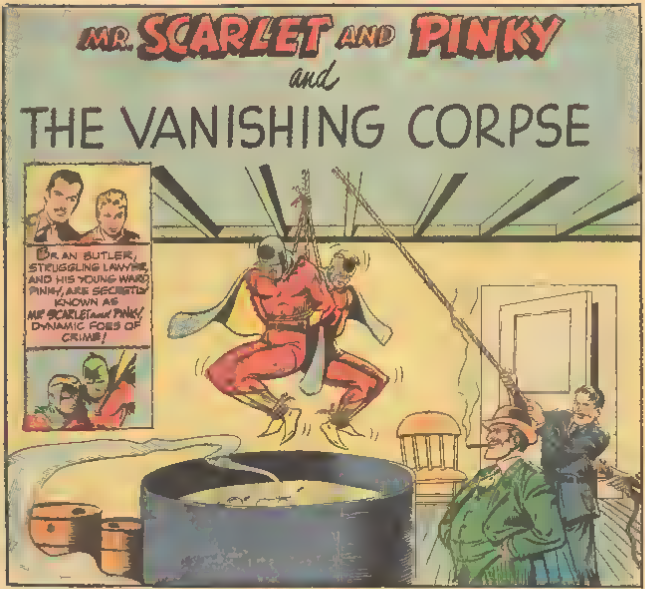
Orders must be postmarked by Sept. 1, 1941.

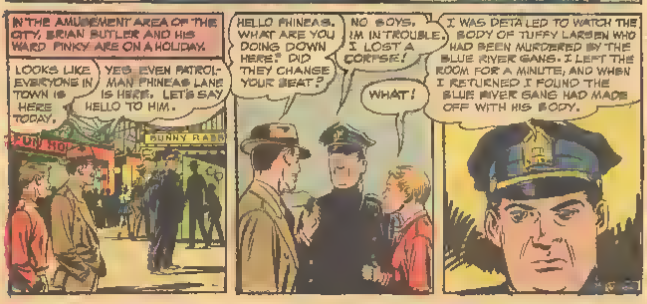
DROOPY the ANT BEAR
"POT BELLY!"
LOOK AT DROOPY COMING OUT OF THAT RESTAURANT. HE MUST HAVE JUST EATEN AGAIN!
RESTAURANT
GROAN - GROAN! OOOH!
WHAT'S THE MATTER DROOPY?
I HAVE A TERRIBLE STOMACH-ACHE, REDDY!
WHY? WHAT DID YOU EAT?
POT ROAST.
POT ROAST? BUT THAT SHOULDN'T MAKE YOU FEEL SICK!
I KNOW. THAT'S WHY I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. AND I DIDN'T EVEN EAT THE WHOLE POT ROAST.
RESTAURANT
--AFTER I ATE THE POT I COULDN'T EAT THE ROAST!

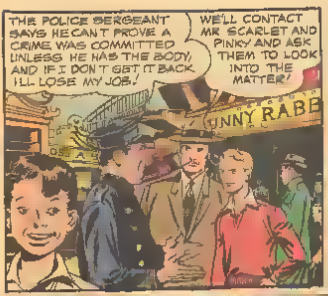
ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICK!


DEADLINE FOR ACTION!
NOT A SINGLE BITE AROUND HERE SO FAR!
YEAH ... TO CATCH A BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA!
THERE'S A PLACE UP THE RIVER WHERE WE CAN...
HEY! I HEAR SCREAMS!
HELP! WE'RE HEADED FOR THE FALLS!
LOOK! THAT LINE MUST BE HOOKED STRAIGHT FOR THE FALLS! THERE'S ONE IN THE STUFF THAT LOST HERE FELL!
HELP!
HELP!
HURRY QUICKLY! GET DOWN NEAR THE FALLS BY THE EAST!
THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE I'VE GOT TO REACH THEM WITH THE LINE AND I'LL GOT TO HOLD IT HERE GOES!
HOLD THE LINE MEN! DON'T LET GO
GOT IT! G-G-BUT IT'LL BREAK!
WOW! THAT LINE WON'T TAKE MUCH MORE
IT'LL BE TO BREAK.
WE'RE DONE FOR!
CRASH!
THE TROUT LINE SWINGS THE CANOE OUT OF THE FURIOUS CURRENT BUT THE STRAIN IS TOO MUCH
HA-HA! WE ESCAPED! YOU'RE TO BE PRAISED!
YES, BUT I NEED A LOT MORE EFFORT TILL OUR OWN
THERE, MATES ALL'S WELL AND YOU CAN STEP ASHORE
TWO TREATS ON US!
THANKS, MISS ROYAL CROWN COLA! IT'S A GREAT TREAT!
YOU SAID IT! IT'S THE ONLY COLA THAT'S BEST BY TASTE-TEST
ONE HOUR LATER
GILBERT ROLAND SAYS:
YOU BET YOUR BOOTS R-C TASTES BEST!
Bob & Bert Roland on the Dick's Kid in Monogram's "KING OF THE RANCH"
ROYAL CROWN COLA
Bob & Bert Roland
ROYAL CROWN COLA
R-C COLA
TWICE AS GOOD

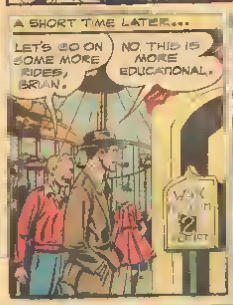
MR. SCARLET AND PINKY and THE VANISHING CORPSE

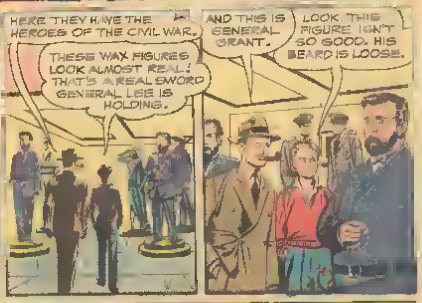

BRIAN BUTLER, STRUGGLING LAWYER, AND HIS YOUNG WARD PINKY, ARE SECRETLY KNOWN AS MR. SCARLET and PINKY, DYNAMIC FOES OF CRIME!


IN THE AMUSEMENT AREA OF THE CITY, BRIAN BUTLER AND HIS WARD PINKY ARE ON A HOLIDAY.
LOOKS LIKE EVERYONE'S IN TOWN IS HERE TODAY.
YES. EVEN PATROLMAN PHINEAS LANE IS HERE. LET'S SAY HELLO TO HIM.
FUN HOUSE
SUNNY RAIN
HELLO PHINEAS. WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE? DID THEY CHANGE YOUR BEAT?
NO BOYS. I'M IN TROUBLE. I LOST A CORPSE!
WHAT!
I WAS DETAILED TO WATCH THE BODY OF TUFFY LARSEN WHO HAD BEEN MURDERED BY THE BLUE RIVER GANG. I LEFT THE ROOM FOR A MINUTE, AND WHEN I RETURNED I FOUND THE BLUE RIVER GANG HAD MADE OFF WITH HIS BODY.

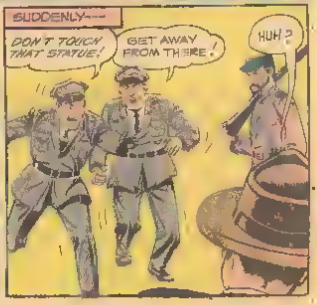

THE POLICE SERGEANT SAYS HE CAN'T PROVE A CRIME WAS COMMITTED UNLESS HE HAS THE BODY, AND IF I DON'T GET IT BACK, I'LL LOSE MY JOB!
WE'LL CONTACT MR SCARLET AND PINKY AND ASK THEM TO LOOK INTO THE MATTER!
UNNY RABB

HERE'S A PHOTO OF TUFFY SO THEY'LL KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE!


A SHORT TIME LATER...
LET'S GO ON SOME MORE RIDES, BRIAN.
NO, THIS IS MORE EDUCATIONAL.


HERE THEY HAVE THE HEROES OF THE CIVIL WAR.
THESE WAX FIGURES LOOK ALMOST REAL! THAT'S A REAL SWORD GENERAL LEE IS HOLDING.
AND THIS IS GENERAL GRANT.
LOOK, THIS FIGURE ISN'T SO GOOD. HIS BEARD IS LOOSE.

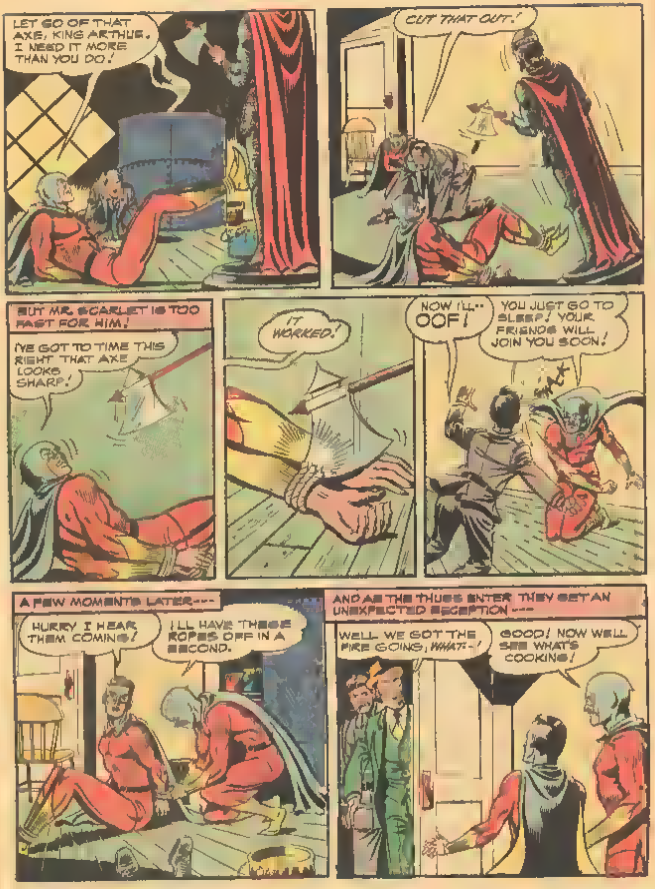
I'LL PRESS IT BACK IN PLACE!

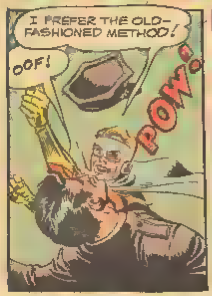

SUDDENLY---
DON'T TOUCH THAT STATUE!
GET AWAY FROM THERE!
HUH?

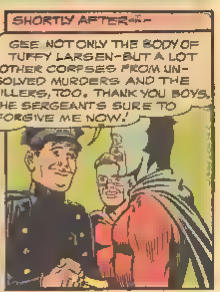
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!
OUTSIDE WITH YOU!
AND DON'T COME BACK!
YOU KNOW THOSE GUARDS ACTED MIGHTY SOLEMN FOR A PLACE OF AMUSEMENT!
YES, AND I'M NOT AMUSED!
I WONDER WHY THEY DID IT?
THAT'S SOMETHING THAT MR. SCARLET AND PINKY ARE GOING TO FIND OUT ABOUT!
CHANGING INTO THE UNIFORM OF THE CRIMSON-CLAD CRIME FIGHTERS, MR. SCARLET AND PINKY REENTER THE WAX MUSEUM.
LET'S GO RIGHT BACK TO THE STATUE OF GENERAL GRANT!
ONLY THIS TIME WE WON'T BE TAKEN BY SURPRISE!
THIS IS WHAT I DID LAST TIME.
GET READY! HERE THEY COME!
GET AWAY FROM THAT STATUE!

SINCE THIS IS A WAX MUSEUM HERE'S A COUPLE OF WHACKS FOR YOU!
SOCK!
YOU WERE RIGHT, MR. SCARLET, THIS IS MORE FUN THAN THE RIDES!
BAM!
SOCK!
WATCH OUT! THERE GOES GENERAL GRANT!
PINKY, LOOK! IT'S TUFFY LARSEN!
THE MURDERED GANGSTER!
BUT THE GUARDS TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEIR OPPORTUNITY AND STRIKE FROM BEHIND!
THIS OUGHT TO QUIET THEM!
UGH!
WE'D BETTER TAKE THEM TO THE BOSS!
SHORTLY AFTER--
IT'S TOO BAD FOR YOU BOYS THAT YOU DISCOVERED OUR LITTLE SECRET!
YES, IT'S TRUE! WE DIPPED TUFFY LARSEN'S BODY IN THE WAX AND THEN DRESSED HIM UP TO LOOK LIKE ONE OF THE FIGURES! THAT'S HOW WE GET RID OF A LOT OF OUR VICTIMS!

AND NOW THAT YOU KNOW TOO MUCH WE'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF YOU TWO NOSEY CHARACTERS---AND THE BEST WAY I CAN THINK OF IS TO BOIL YOU ALIVE IN THE WAX VAT!
JOE, YOU STAY HERE AND WATCH THEM. CHARLIE AND I ARE GOING DOWN TO START UP THE FIRE FOR THE WAX VAT. SOON WE'LL HAVE TWO MORE STATUES FOR THE MUSEUM!
THAT BATTLE AXE GIVES ME AN IDEA!
PINKY, KEEP HIM BUSY! I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!
HEY, WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING!
I'M NOT SURE WHERE HE'S GOING, BUT THIS IS WHERE YOU'RE STOPPING!
THUD!


LET GO OF THAT AXE, KING ARTHUR. I NEED IT MORE THAN YOU DO!
CUT THAT OUT!
BUT MR. SCARLET IS TOO FAST FOR HIM!
I'VE GOT TO TIME THIS RIGHT THAT AXE LOOKS SHARP!
IT WORKED!
NOW I'LL.. OOF!
YOU JUST GO TO SLEEP! YOUR FRIENDS WILL JOIN YOU SOON!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER---
HURRY I HEAR THEM COMING!
I'LL HAVE THESE ROPES OFF IN A SECOND.
AND AS THE THUGS ENTER THEY GET AN UNEXPECTED RECEPTION ---
WELL, WE GOT THE FIRE GOING, WHAT?--!
GOOD! NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT'S COOKING!




SHORTLY AFTER...
GEE NOT ONLY THE BODY OF TUFFY LARSEN-BUT A LOT OTHER CORPSES FROM UN-SOLVED MURDERS AND THE KILLERS, TOO. THANK YOU BOYS. THE SERGEANT'S SURE TO FORGIVE ME NOW!

COMIX CARDS
appear every manth in
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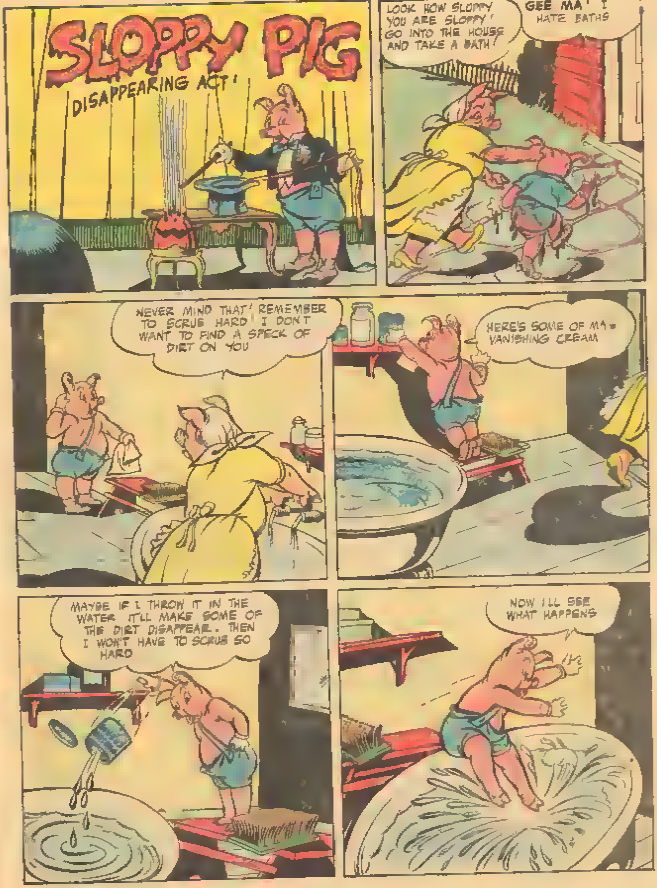
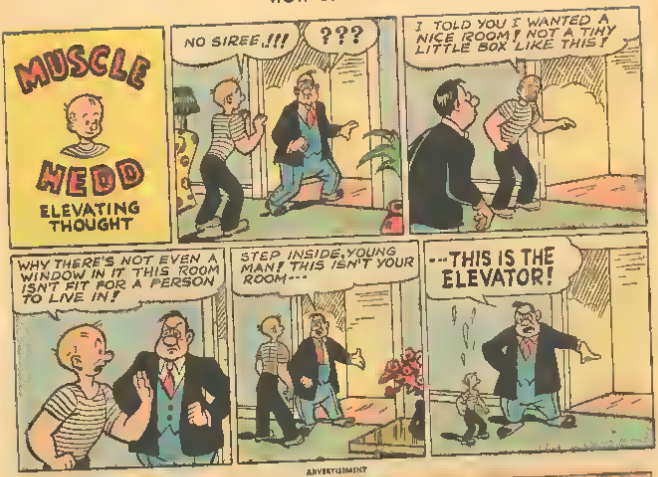

SLOPPY PIG
DISAPPEARING ACT!
LOOK HOW SLOPPY YOU ARE SLOPPY! GO INTO THE HOUSE AND TAKE A BATH!
GEE MA! I HATE BATHS
NEVER MIND THAT! REMEMBER TO SCRUB HARD! I DON'T WANT TO FIND A SPECK OF DIRT ON YOU
HERE'S SOME OF MA'S VANISHING CREAM
MAYBE IF I THROW IT IN THE WATER IT'LL MAKE SOME OF THE DIRT DISAPPEAR. THEN I WON'T HAVE TO SCRUB SO HARD
NOW I'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS

BUT AS SLOPPY GETS INTO THE TUB—
BOOM
HELP! I'VE DISAPPEARED!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, SLOPPY? SLOPPY! WHERE ARE YOU? MAYBE HE'S OUTSIDE?
SLOPPY WHERE ARE YOU?
BEHIND YOU, MA! THE VANISHING CREAM MADE ME DISAPPEAR!
HUH! I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!
THIS IS ME SLOPPY! DO SOMETHING!
IF THAT'S REALLY YOU, SLOPPY, I KNOW HOW TO BRING YOU BACK!
AND THAT'S WITH A MUD BATH!
GLUB, GLUB!
THERE YOU ARE! WHEREVER THERE'S MUD SLOPPY'S SURE TO BE!
THE NEXT TIME I TAKE A BATH I'LL STICK TO OLD-FASHIONED SCRUBBING


MUSCLE
HEDD
ELEVATING THOUGHT
NO SIREE.!!!
???
I TOLD YOU I WANTED A NICE ROOM! NOT A TINY LITTLE BOX LIKE THIS!
WHY THERE'S NOT EVEN A WINDOW IN IT THIS ROOM ISN'T FIT FOR A PERSON TO LIVE IN!
STEP INSIDE, YOUNG MAN! THIS ISN'T YOUR ROOM---
--THIS IS THE ELEVATOR!

ADVERTISEMENT

YOU CAN WRITE LIKE THIS WITH MY MAGIC PENCIL

SEND FOR THIS MAGIC PENCIL~

WRITES FOUR DIFFERENT COLORS AT ONE TIME.. 7 INCHES LONG-

Amaze your friends so you can write or draw in rainbow colors. Each line you make will be Red-Green-Yellow and Blue-all in one have lots of fun get this clever Magic Pencil Send for your Magic Pencil today

I'M GOING TO BE FIRST IN MY ROOM TO GET A MAGIC PENCIL

GET 3 PACKAGES OF CRACKER JACK AND A 3¢ STAMP..

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HOW TO GET ONE

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LOOK FOR CRACKER JACK at AMUSEMENT PARKS-CIRCUSES-BALL GAMES-CARNIVALS-ZOOS-RESORTS-DEPOTS ON CONFECTION COUNTERS IN CANDY, DRUG and GROCERY STORES

THE PHANTOM EAGLE AND THE RUNAWAY ROCKET!

MICKEY MALONE BOY MECHANIC DURING THE WAR WHO LED THE FAMED PHOENIX SQUADRON AGAINST ENEMIES OF THE ALLIED FORCES IN HIS SECRET IDENTITY HAS BEEN APPOINTED *GUARDIAN OF THE AIRWAYS* BY INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES TO KEEP THE SKY-LANES FREE FROM VILLAINY AND CORRUPTION AS THE CELEBRATED *PHANTOM EAGLE!*

TH BOSS IS WAITIN' TER SEE YOU PHANTOM EAGLE!

THANKS, FOGGY!

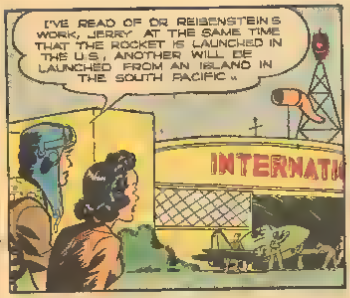
PHANTOM EAGLE YOU KNOW OF THE ROCKET EXPERIMENT BEING CONDUCTED IN CALIFORNIA BY THE RENOWNED SCIENTIST DR RIDENSTEIN I FEEL THAT WE SHOULD BE REPRESENTED AND I'M ASSIGNING YOU TO ATTEND THE EXPERIMENT!

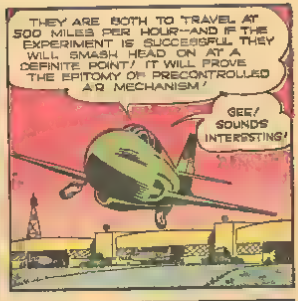
I'LL LEAVE AT ONCE SIR

I'LL FLY THE NEW *ZIP-70* AND ASK JERRY TO GO ALONG!

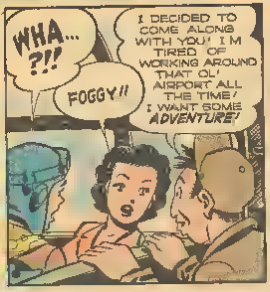
OFF ON ANOTHER ADVENTURE! I SHORE WISH I HAD SOME FUN LIKE HIM!

DRAWN BY MARC SWAYZE

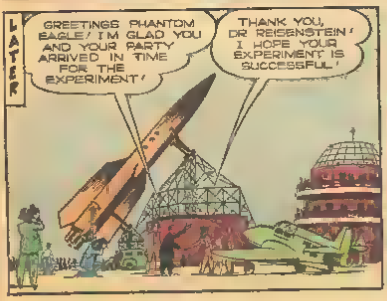

I'VE READ OF DR REISENSTEIN'S WORK, JERRY. AT THE SAME TIME THAT THE ROCKET IS LAUNCHED IN THE U.S., ANOTHER WILL BE LAUNCHED FROM AN ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.
INTERNATI

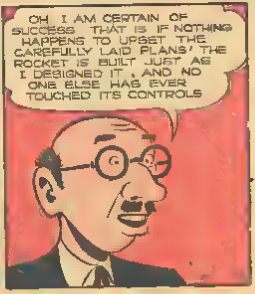

THEY ARE BOTH TO TRAVEL AT 500 MILES PER HOUR--AND IF THE EXPERIMENT IS SUCCESSFUL THEY WILL SMASH HEAD ON AT A DEFINITE POINT! IT WILL PROVE THE EPITOMY OF PRECONTROLLED AIR MECHANISM!
GEE! SOUNDS INTERESTING!

I'D HATE TO HAVE TO EXPLAIN ALL THAT TO SOMEBODY LIKE FOGGY JONES! HE'S A SWELL FELLOW! BUT...
H'LO!

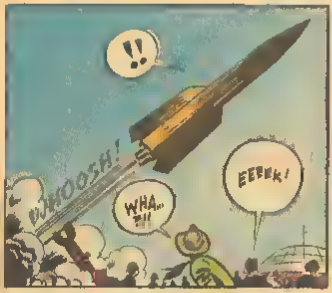

WHA... ?!!
FOGGY!!
I DECIDED TO COME ALONG WITH YOU! I'M TIRED OF WORKING AROUND THAT OL' AIRPORT ALL THE TIME! I WANT SOME ADVENTURE!

WELL, OKAY... WE'RE GLAD TO HAVE YOU! I GUESS! TOO LATE TO TAKE YOU BACK ANYWAY!

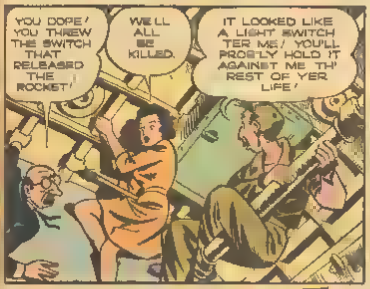

LATER
GREETINGS PHANTOM EAGLE! I'M GLAD YOU AND YOUR PARTY ARRIVED IN TIME FOR THE EXPERIMENT!
THANK YOU, DR REISENSTEIN! I HOPE YOUR EXPERIMENT IS SUCCESSFUL!


OH I AM CERTAIN OF SUCCESS! THAT IS IF NOTHING HAPPENS TO UPSET THE CAREFULLY LAID PLANS! THE ROCKET IS BUILT JUST AS I DESIGNED IT, AND NO ONE ELSE HAS EVER TOUCHED ITS CONTROLS

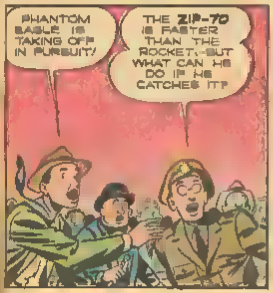
GOSH!! THAT'S TH' BIGGEST ROCKET I EVER SAW! TH' ONLY ONE I EVER SAW, TOO!
I JUST GOTTA SEE WHAT IT'S LIKE ON TH INSIDE!
IT'S TIME, DR REISENSTEIN!
WELL, I MUST GO NOW AND SET THE ROCKET CONTROLS!
EAGLE, HAVE YOU BEEN FOGGY?
WHY HE, HE WAS HERE A MOMENT AGO I MEAN I THOUGHT HE WAS! WE'D BETTER LOOK FOR HIM! I'LL GO THIS WAY
IT WOULD BE TERRIBLE IF HE WERE IN THE ROCKET, BUT EVEN FOGGY ISN'T THAT DUMB!
HI'YA, JERRY!
FOGGY!
DR REISENSTEIN!! FOGGY—IN COMPARTMENT ABOVE!
OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT! A LITTLE FOG WON'T MATTER!
FOGGY!! DON'T....
OH... I THOUGHT YOU MEANT...
I WAS JUST WONDERIN WHAT SOME OF THESE SWITCHES WERE FOR... FRINSTANCE LIKE THIS ONE...


!!
WHOOOSH!
WHA...?!!
EEEEK!

IT WASN'T TIME FOR THE LAUNCHING! DR REISENSTEIN WAS IN THE ROCKET!
SO WERE YOUR TWO COMPANIONS! WE SAW THEM ENTER IT!


YOU DOPE! YOU THREW THE SWITCH THAT RELEASED THE ROCKET!
WE'LL ALL BE KILLED.
IT LOOKED LIKE A LIGHT SWITCH TER ME! YOU'LL PROBLY HOLD IT AGAINST ME TH' REST OF YER LIFE!

JERRY AND POGGY N THE ROCKET TOO!! THIS IS A LONG CHANCE BUT IT'S THE ONLY ONE!

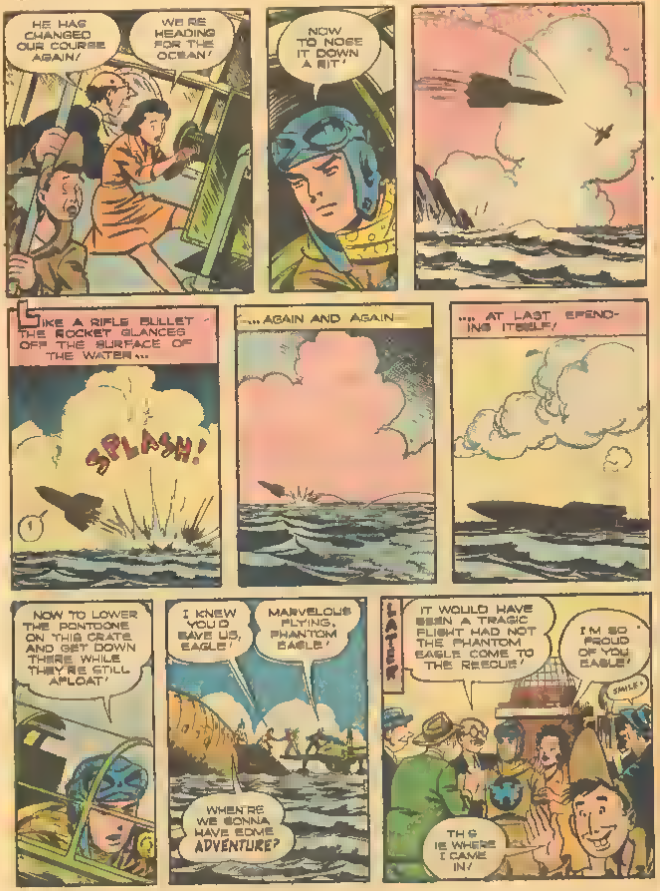

PHANTOM EAGLE IS TAKING OFF IN PURSUIT!
THE ZIP-70 IS FASTER THAN THE ROCKET,-BUT WHAT CAN HE DO IF HE CATCHES IT?

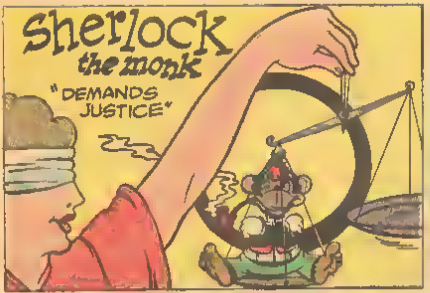
FASTER AND FASTER AS IT GAINS MOMENTUM, THE ROCKET SHOOTS INTO THE STRATOSPHERE!

AND EVEN FASTER THE SENSATIONAL ZIP-70 ZOOMS IN PURSUIT!

LOOK! PHANTOM EAGLE IS GAINING!
BUT WHAT CAN HE DO TO SAVE THE OTHERS!"
THE ZIP-70 HAS TAKEN OFF AFTER US!
IT'S PHANTOM EAGLE!!
HOT DAWG! MORE ADVENTURE
MY ONLY HOPE IF I CAN CATCH THEM IN TIME IS TO USE A TRICK THE RAF BOYS EMPLOYED AGAINST FLYING BOMBS!
ONE METHOD WAS TO DIVE NEAR THEM CHANGING THE COURSE WITH A RUSH OF SLIP-STREAM—OR DISTURBING THE AIR AROUND THEM
FLYING AT A TERRIFYING SPEED PHANTOM EAGLE CLOSES THE SPACE BETWEEN THE ROCKET AND THE ZIP-70!
HE'S ALMOST UP WITH US!!
BUT WHAT CAN HE DO NOW?" WE'LL BE KILLED!
SAY! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT"
I'M UP WITH THEM! NOW FOR THE TEST

PHANTOM EAGLE DIVES THE ZIP-70 DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO THE SPEEDING ROCKET-
HE FLEW ACROSS ITS PATH UPSETTING THE AIR BEFORE IT
AND DEFLECTED IT FROM ITS COURSE!
BUT LOOK!! THE ROCKET'S GONE WILD
?!!
CRASH!!
!!
IT'LL SMASH - FLYING WILD LIKE THAT - GOT TO TURN IT AGAIN!
LOOK OUT!!
HALP!
PHANTOM EAGLE HAS CAUGHT UP WITH IT AGAIN!
ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP IT--!


HE HAS CHANGED OUR COURSE AGAIN!
WE'RE HEADING FOR THE OCEAN!
NOW TO NOSE IT DOWN A BIT!
LIKE A RIFLE BULLET THE ROCKET GLANCES OFF THE SURFACE OF THE WATER...
SPLASH!
...AGAIN AND AGAIN...
...AT LAST EFFECTING ITSELF!
NOW TO LOWER THE PONTOONS ON THIS CRATE AND GET DOWN THERE WHILE THEY'RE STILL AFLOAT!
I KNEW YOU'D SAVE US, EAGLE!
MARVELOUS FLYING, PHANTOM EAGLE!
WHEN'RE WE GONNA HAVE SOME ADVENTURE?
LATER
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A TRAGIC FLIGHT HAD NOT THE PHANTOM EAGLE COME TO THE RESCUE!
I'M SO PROUD OF YOU, EAGLE!
SMILE!
THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN!

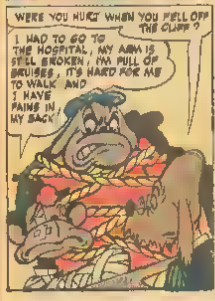

Sherlock
the monk
"DEMANDS JUSTICE"

FUNNY ANIMALVILLE OWES YOU A GREAT DEBT FOR BRINGING THIS TERRIBLE CRIMINAL TO JUSTICE!

SHERLOCK MONK IS THE GREATEST DETECTIVE IN THE WORLD HE ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN!
PLEASE TELL THE COURT HOW YOU CAPTURED DANGEROUS BUTCH.

WELL, HE WAS CHASING ME EE. I MEAN WE WERE FIGHTING ON A CLIFF AND

WHEN HE PUSHED ME OFF HE SLIPPED ON A ROCK AND WAS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS!


WERE YOU HURT WHEN YOU FELL OFF THE CLIFF?
I HAD TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL, MY ARM IS STILL BROKEN, I'M FULL OF BRUISES, IT'S HARD FOR ME TO WALK AND I HAVE PAINS IN MY BACK!

YOU HAVE SUFFERED MUCH, BUT YOUR PAIN SHOULD BE LESSENED IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT DANGEROUS BUTCH IS GOING TO PRISON!

I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT MY PAIN. I WANT TO KNOW WHO'S GOING TO MAKE GOOD FOR THE BANANA I HAD IN MY BACK POCKET! IT WAS CRUSHED WHEN I FELL OFF THE CLIFF!
BUY MORE BONDS!

HOT-SEAT EVIDENCE

A "Penny Graves" Crime Story

By Richard Kraus

The train rolled through the night
Penny held the briefcase tight
She had to hide
The papers inside
To nab Dan Kouhy in flight!

THE BROWN LEATHER PORTFOLIO lay in Penny Graves' lap The girl detective looked down at it, took it in her hand, turned it over Her slender fingers strayed toward the metal clasp It would be so easy to open it Then resolutely, she set her jaw

"Chief Ben Morgan told me not to look in the portfolio," Penny said to herself. "So—I won't"

Outside the speeding train's windows the countryside flashed by, black shadow broken only by the occasional cluster of orange lights that meant a farm or village Penny looked at her watch It was ten o-clock. At seven tomorrow she would be in Martinsville, and she would be able to turn the leather portfolio over to the police authorities there. If only she knew what was in the pesky thing!

It had all started early that afternoon Chief of Police Ben Morgan had called Penny into his office

"Penny,' he'd said, his black brows knitting, 'I want you to take a run up to Martinsville on the night train Take this leather portfolio up to the police there It has something very important in it Be careful with it—and by the way, don't look in it

An assignment was an assignment Morgan had handed her the portfolio and, in a small white envelope, train reservations for a private compartment—on the Martinsville express.

On the train now, Penny stretched out on her bed, trying to sleep But sleep would not come Finally, realizing that her eyes would not stay shut, Penny reached over and flicked on her portable radio The tiny tubes glowed red in the dark. She twisted the dial till she came to a news announcer —and there her fingers froze

". . . special evidence on the Kouhy case!" the announcer was saying briskly "The report, from a very reliable source, is that Chief of Police Ben Morgan is sending the evidence to Martinsville authorities on tonight's train This may be the first real break in the Kouhy case, which has— —"

Penny turned the radio off and sat up bolt upright in the dark

'So that's it, she exclaimed to herself. "New evidence on Dan Kouhy! Wonderful . . . and no wonder Ben wanted it kept secret'

Then her eyes bugged out How did this fool radio announcer ever find out about it? And what would happen if Kouhy's man had been watching Morgan's office—realized that Penny was carrying the evidence to Martinsville that would incriminate their chief?

Swiftly Penny checked the doorknob It was locked. Then she bent to her suitcase and took out a small automatic Loaded. She placed it under her pillow and then, clutching the leather portfolio tightly she sat back to think The Kouhy case had blazed across the country in inch-thick headlines for the past week Following a costly bank holdup and running gun fight Dan Kouhy had been nabbed outside of Martinsville, his auto wrecked

But surprisingly—the police could not prove that the dangerous ex-convict had been involved in the holdup It had happened too fast for the witnesses to identify him positively No one was sure of the license plate and there were no bullet marks on the car The rest of the gang had escaped with the loot and it began to look as if Kouhy might have to be released

It was at *this* point that Penny Graves heard over the radio that new and convincing evidence against Kouhy was being rushed north to Martinsville—and that she was carrying it!

KREEECHH! The train's brakes pulled it to a screeching heart-jamming stop Penny sprang out of her bunk gripping the portfolio in one hand, her automatic in the other Outside her compartment window, she could see lanterns swinging by in the night She spanned the window a few safe inches and called out

"What's the trouble there? Why did we stop?"

'Nothing serious, Miss," came the brakeman's reassuring reply. "An obstruction on the tracks. But it was near a light, we saw

it in plenty of time"

Penny drew down the window slowly. Her fingers trembled slightly—why was she so jumpy?

Hugging the portfolio to her, Penny climbed back into bed. Slowly, the train began to move—soon it was traveling at full speed again. The girl detective began to relax. Suddenly there came a knock at the door of her compartment.

"Who is there?" she cried.

"The brakeman, Miss," came the same friendly reassuring voice she had heard from outside. "We have to check the electrical connections in the compartments—afraid the sudden stop weakened them. Sorry to bother you."

"Just a moment."

Penny threw on a bathrobe, smiling at her own timidity. This Dan Kouhy business had made a scary rabbit out of her—she'd be glad when it was over. She reached for the light switch—it on and opened the door.

There stood a tall, husky man, his face covered by a dark kerchief, his hand holding a gun leveled at Penny. Behind him, another man waited in the train corridor.

Quick," he said. "Where's the portfolio?"

Penny gasped. She had left it on the bed, covered by blankets. Was it visible?

"Portfolio?" she tried to stall. "I don't—know what——"

Cut it," the man with the gun growled. He nodded at his shorter friend. "Find it, Vince—and hurry. He kept his gun leveled at Penny Graves.

He pulled the blanket back and there it lay exposed—the brown leather portfolio that Chief Ben Morgan had told Penny to be careful with, that held the precious evidence against killer Dan Kouhy.

"Got it."

"C'mon," the big man jerked his head. "And you—" he husked at Penny. "You're coming with us."

"Please, let me get a sweater!"

She reached for the pillow left underneath it—and came out with her automatic, whirling fast. Her finger tightened on the trigger, and now her voice was angry and hard.

"Stop! Stop there!"

The big gangster's face distorted with rage and he brought his gun hand around and down hard, before Penny could aim. The revolver butt caught her wrist—smashing it into a wave of rushing pain—and her little gun fell against the bed. But now the spell was broken. Penny opened her mouth and screamed—loudly. "Help! Police!

"Vince—help me get this wildcat out of here!"

The husky thug grabbed her by the arm and heaved her toward the compartment door. But as he pulled her out into the corridor, Penny Graves began to struggle with the noisy fury of a leopard protecting its young. She kicked, she bit, she slugged, she clawed at two pairs of eyes—and all the time she screamed for help. It was a matter of seconds. Realizing that he could not tame her, the second gangster, Vince, raised his revolver high above his head.

It came down in a blurring arc, smashing savagely against Penny's temple—fusing everything into a blood-red tide of pain-filled unconsciousness. But even as Penny sank toward the corridor floor her eyes caught a glimpse of something at the end of the train corridor.

It was Chief Ben Morgan rushing toward her, gripping a tommy-gun, followed by two other policemen. Morgan was shouting something, coming closer and closer . . .

"PENNY! PENNY! Please, Penny, are you all right?" Penny was vaguely aware of a throbbing pain in her head, and of a pleading voice that would not leave her alone. Angrily she answered from the state of half consciousness. "Of course, I'm all right! I'm always all right!"

Then she opened her eyes.

She was in bed—lying on the blankets in her compartment. Ben Morgan was leaning over her, and beyond him she could see the two thugs, battered looking and handcuffed to each other. And the leather portfolio was lying next to her on the bed. Penny grasped it tightly.

"Penny—I'm sorry this happened." Chief Morgan's words rushed out. "We never thought you might be hurt when we used you for a decoy. Otherwise we never would have had that radio announcer spill the beans."

"A decoy? You mean," Penny pointed at the handcuffed, sullen-looking crooks, "To catch them?"

Exactly," Morgan nodded. "We hoped that the rest of Kouhy's gang would try to save their chief—and they fell for it like monkeys. It'll be a cinch to convict him now—with added identifications—and once these boys confess."

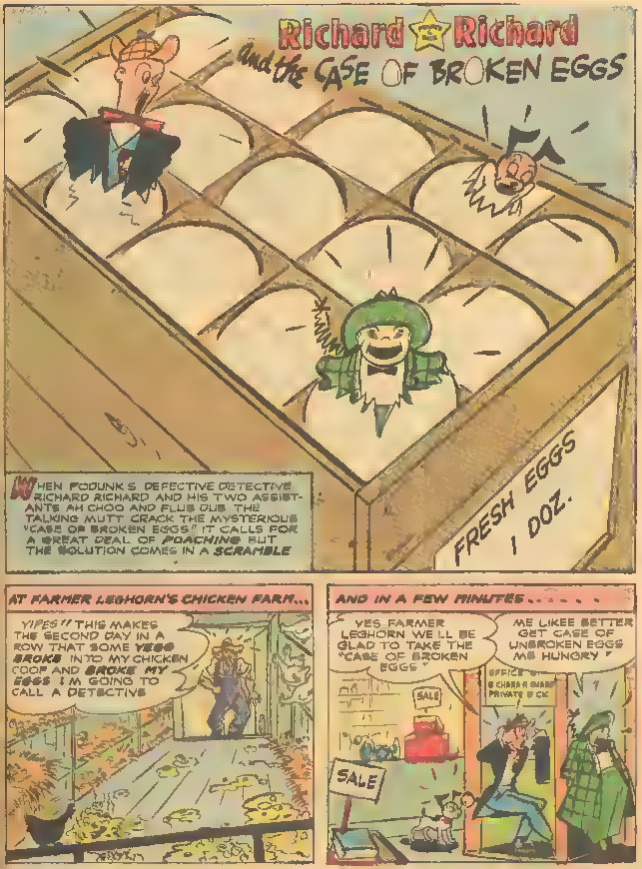
But one thing I don't understand, Chief," Penny said weakly. "Why were you willing to risk this new evidence you had on Kouhy—the evidence that was in the portfolio?"

BEN MORGAN smiled and slowly opened the metal catch of the brown leather portfolio. Then he held it forward, flap back, so Penny Graves could see inside it. It was empty.

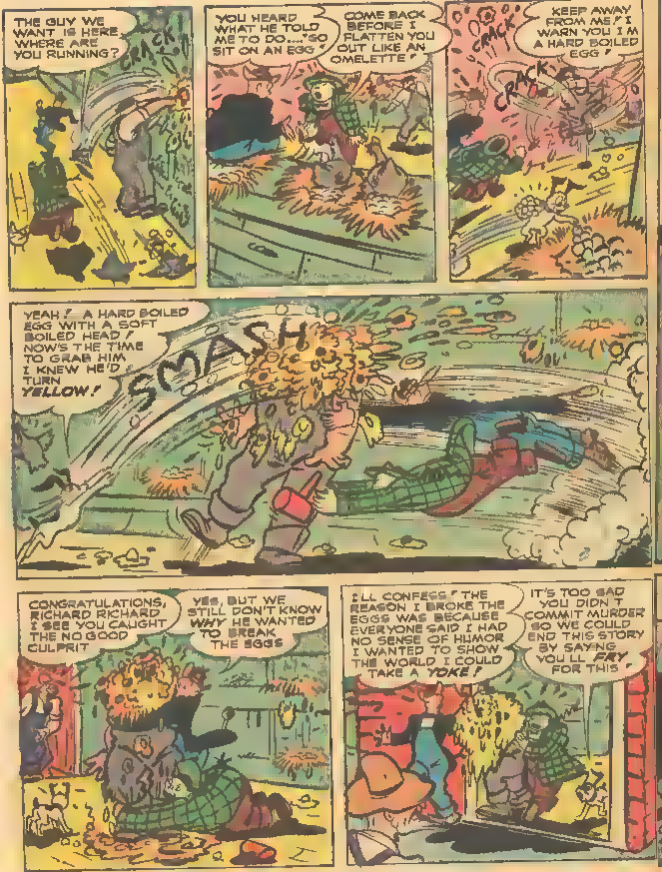
THE END

FUZZY BEAR
RUN ALONG TO SCHOOL KIDS I'LL MAKE YOU A SNOWMAN
DING DONG
OH YEAH? YOU'LL PROBABLY FALL ASLEEP!
SNOWMAN
HO, HUM 'GOTTA MAKE A SNOW MAN, BUT I AM SLEEPY AND THIS SNOW FEELS GOOD
DIDN'T I TELL YOU? FUZZY BEAR DID FALL ASLEEP AND GOT SNOWED UNDER
MAKE A LOT OF SNOWBALLS AND WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN!
TWO HOURS LATER!
O.K. NOW- LET HIM HAVE IT!
THIS WILL WAKE UP THE SLEEPY OLD FUZZY BEAR
WHY HERE'S FUZZY BEAR
GOSH THEN WHO IS IT?
OHHH! IT'S GROUCHY MEAN- THE BAD BEAR!
BEAR
GEE, FUZZY, I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU MOVE SO FAST!
I GUESS WE DON'T LIKE GROUCHY MEAN'S COMPANY, EH, FUZZY?

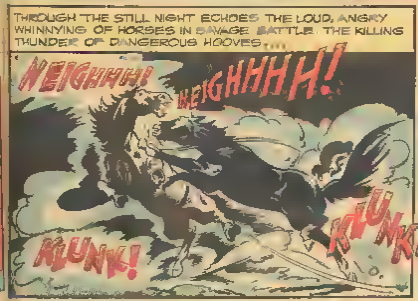
WE DON'T WANT TO LOOK LIKE CITY SLICKERS SO LET'S GET SOME OVERALLS
WITH RICHARD RICHARD ON THE CASE THE OVERALL PICTURE IS NOT SO GOOD FOR FARMER LEGHORN
LAST ONE THERE IS A ROTTEN EGG
AND IN A SHORT WHILE....
THIS FARMER LEGHORN'S PROPERTY
LOOK AT THOSE CROWS FLY AWAY I WONDER WHAT SCARED THEM
YOU DID "THEY MISTOOK YOU FOR A SCARECROW AND COME TO THINK OF IT YOU'VE GOT A FACE THAT NOT ONLY WOULD SCARE A CROW, BUT WOULD SCARE A DOG TOO"
QUIET PLUS DUB HERE COMES FARMER LEGHORN
YOU MUST BE THE DETECTIVES C'MON I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THE CHICKEN COOP IS IN THE MEANWHILE, YOU CAN ASK ANY QUESTIONS YOU LIKE
WHO'S THAT ?
HE'S MY FARM HAND I HIRED HIM JUST BEFORE THE TROUBLE STARTED
I'M A RAKE BUT YOU CAN'T PIN THIS RAP ON ME
I WANT YOU TO HIDE OUT IN THIS CHICKEN COOP AND SEE IF YOU CAN CATCH THE GUILTY PARTY
IF NO CATCH CRIMINAL MAYBE CAN CATCH CHICKEN ME HUNGRY
HEY AH CHOO" WHERE ARE YOU GOING ?

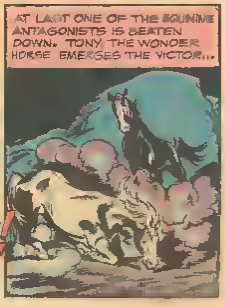

Richard ☆ Richard
and the CASE OF BROKEN EGGS
WHEN FODUNK'S DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE RICHARD RICHARD AND HIS TWO ASSISTANTS AH CHOO AND FLUB DUB THE TALKING MUTT CRACK THE MYSTERIOUS "CASE OF BROKEN EGGS" IT CALLS FOR A GREAT DEAL OF POACHING BUT THE SOLUTION COMES IN A SCRAMBLE
FRESH EGGS 1 DOZ.
AT FARMER LEGHORN'S CHICKEN FARM...
YIPES! THIS MAKES THE SECOND DAY IN A ROW THAT SOME YEGG BROKE INTO MY CHICKEN COOP AND BROKE MY EGGS I'M GOING TO CALL A DETECTIVE
AND IN A FEW MINUTES . . . . .
YES FARMER LEGHORN WE'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE THE "CASE OF BROKEN EGGS"
ME LIKEE BETTER GET CASE OF UNBROKEN EGGS ME HUNGRY
OFFICE
SALE
SALE

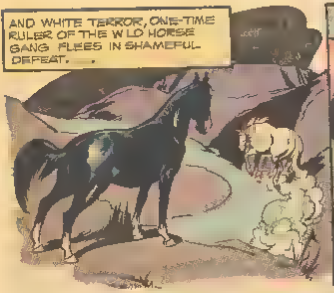
ME SO HUNGRY, ME WANT TO MAKE PIG OF MYSELF !
NEVER MIND THAT ! RIGHT NOW WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THE GUY WHO'S BREAKING ALL THE EGGS AND PUT HIM IN THE PEN !
ME NEVER BEFORE IN CHICKEN COOP
ME NEITHER I HOPE IT WON'T COOP UP !
SO FAR THE EGGS ARE ALL O K NOW IT'S UP TO US TO SEE THAT THEY STAY THAT WAY !
WAIT I THINK I HEAR SOMEONE MOVING AROUND
ME NO HEAR ANYONE
NEITHER DO I - BUT I'LL MAKE SURE
HEY ! IS THERE ANYBODY IN HERE ?
NOBODY BUT US CHICKENS !
YOU SEE ! THERE'S NOBODY IN HERE IT WAS JUST YOUR IMAGINATION
WELL THEN IT'S THE FIRST IMAGINATION I'VE EVER SEEN WITH A HAMMER !
HEY STOP THAT !
GO SIT ON AN EGG !
CRACK

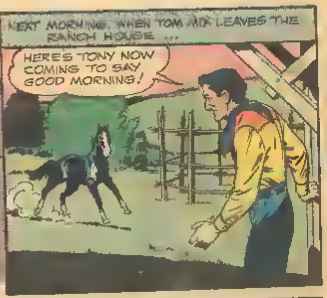

THE GUY WE WANT IS HERE. WHERE ARE YOU RUNNING?
CRASH
YOU HEARD WHAT HE TOLD ME TO DO..."SO SIT ON AN EGG"
COME BACK BEFORE I FLATTEN YOU OUT LIKE AN OMELETTE!
CRACK
KEEP AWAY FROM ME! I WARN YOU I AM A HARD BOILED EGG!
CRACK
YEAH! A HARD BOILED EGG WITH A SOFT BOILED HEAD! NOW'S THE TIME TO GRAB HIM I KNEW HE'D TURN YELLOW!
SMASH
CONGRATULATIONS, RICHARD RICHARD I SEE YOU CAUGHT THE NO GOOD CULPRIT
YES, BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHY HE WANTED TO BREAK THE EGGS
I'LL CONFESS! THE REASON I BROKE THE EGGS WAS BECAUSE EVERYONE SAID I HAD NO SENSE OF HUMOR I WANTED TO SHOW THE WORLD I COULD TAKE A YOKE!
IT'S TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T COMMIT MURDER SO WE COULD END THIS STORY BY SAYING YOU'LL FRY FOR THIS!

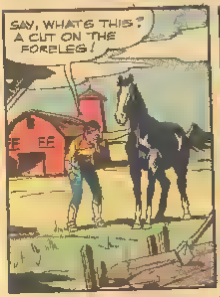
TOM MIX
TONY'S FEUD!
TONY IS THE FAMED WONDER HORSE THAT BELONGS TO TOM MIX. IT'S BEEN RIGHTLY SAID THAT TONY HAS MORE INTELLIGENCE AND SAVVY THAN MOST HUMAN BEINGS!
YOU WON'T DOUBT IT AFTER YOU READ THE STRANGE STORY OF "TONY'S FEUD!"

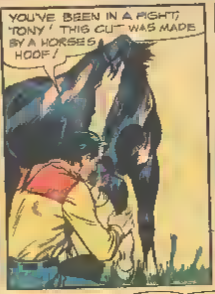

THROUGH THE STILL NIGHT ECHOES THE LOUD, ANGRY WHINNYING OF HORSES IN SAVAGE BATTLE! THE KILLING THUNDER OF DANGEROUS HOOVES....
NEIGHHH!
NEIGHHHH!
KLUNK!
KLUNK!

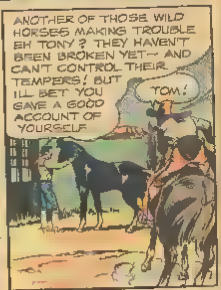

AT LAST ONE OF THE EQUINE ANTAGONISTS IS BEATEN DOWN. TONY THE WONDER HORSE EMERGES THE VICTOR!..


AND WHITE TERROR, ONE-TIME RULER OF THE WILD HORSE GANG, FLEES IN SHAMEFUL DEFEAT...


NEXT MORNING, WHEN TOM MIX LEAVES THE RANCH HOUSE...
HERE'S TONY NOW COMING TO SAY GOOD MORNING!


SAY, WHAT'S THIS? A CUT ON THE FORELEG!

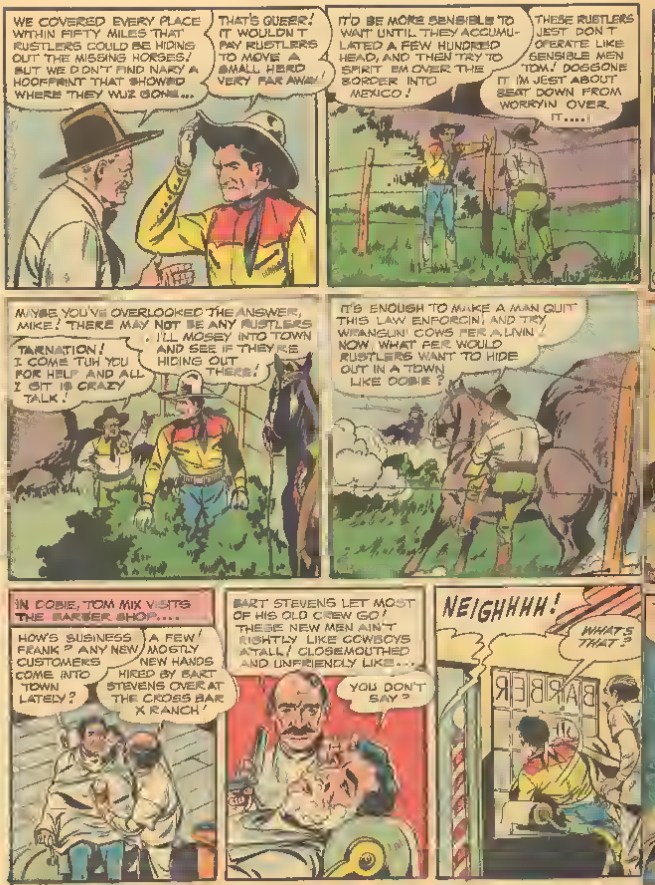

YOU'VE BEEN IN A FIGHT, TONY! THIS CUT WAS MADE BY A HORSE'S HOOF!

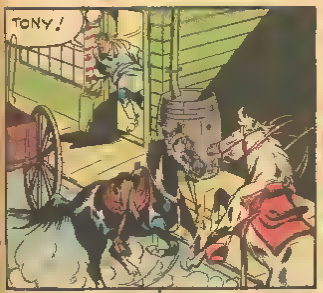

ANOTHER OF THOSE WILD HORSES MAKING TROUBLE EH TONY? THEY HAVEN'T BEEN BROKEN YET— AND CAN'T CONTROL THEIR TEMPERS! BUT I'LL BET YOU GAVE A GOOD ACCOUNT OF YOURSELF
TOM!

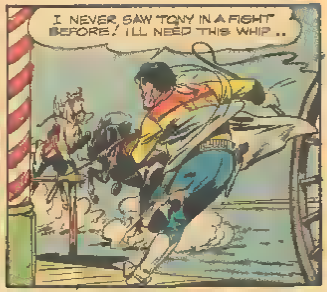
WE'RE MISSING THIRTY HEAD OF HORSES! SOMEONE HERDED 'EM UP AND RAN 'EM THROUGH THE BARBED WIRE I LOST THE TRAIL IN THE ROCKS ON THE NORTH OF THE DIVIDE
THEN THEY'RE GONE FOR GOOD!

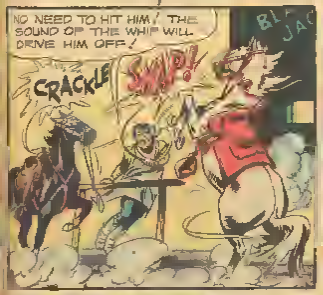
BUT WHOEVER STOLE THOSE HORSES WILL BE BACK! THEY'LL HOPE TO FIND EASY PICKINGS AGAIN! I RECKON THEY'LL BE DISAPPOINTED...
I RECKON THEY WILL TOM, IF YOU'RE ON THEIR TRAIL!

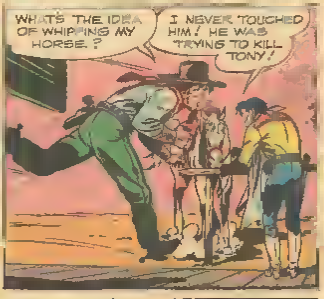
MEANWHILE, TEN MILES NORTH OF THE BUTTE...
WE PICKED UP THIRTY NEW HEAD MR. STEVENS! FROM THE I'M BAR RANCH!
THE TOM MIX OUTFIT! EH? THAT'LL TAKE HIM DOWN A PEG!
AND IT'LL DISCOURAGE THE OTHER RANCHERS! THEY'LL FIGURE IF M'X CAN'T STOP US WHO CAN?... SAY! THERE'S A LIKELY HORSE!
CUT THE WHITE HORSE OUT OF THE BUNCH! I'LL BREAK HIM TO THE SADDLE MUNSELF! I NEED A NEW MOUNT.
YES MR. STEVENS
PLENTY OF SPIRIT! I LIKE HORSES WITH SPIRIT! IT'S JEST MUH STYLE...
WHOAAA!
*!!#?◎!!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
HOWDY MIKE! I WAS JUST MAKING A FEW REPAIRS ON THIS WIRE FENCE!
A GOOD IDEA TOM! BUT YOU'LL NEED MORE THAN BARBED WIRE TUH FENCE OUT THESE HORSE RUSTLERS!
THEY'RE AT IT AGIN! CIRCLE K RANCH REPORTS FIFTY HEAD OF HORSES MISSING! PEOPLE ARE STARTING TUH ASK WHY AS SHERIFF I DON'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT..
WELL WHY DON'T YOU?
DANG IT, DON'T YOU START ASKING TOO! I'M DOIN' EVERYTHING A MAN KIN DO. I JEST GOT BACK FROM A DAY AND NIGHT OF RIDIN WITH A POSSE....


WE COVERED EVERY PLACE WITHIN FIFTY MILES THAT RUSTLERS COULD BE HIDING OUT THE MISSING HORSES! BUT WE D'N'T FIND NARY A HOOFPRINT THAT SHOWED WHERE THEY WUZ GONE...
THAT'S QUEER! IT WOULDN'T PAY RUSTLERS TO MOVE A SMALL HERD VERY FAR AWAY!
IT'D BE MORE SENSIBLE TO WAIT UNTIL THEY ACCUMULATED A FEW HUNDRED HEAD, AND THEN TRY TO SPIRIT 'EM OVER THE BORDER INTO MEXICO!
THESE RUSTLERS JEST DON'T OPERATE LIKE SENSIBLE MEN TOM! DOGGONE IT IM JEST ABOUT SEAT DOWN FROM WORRYIN OVER IT....!
MAYBE YOU'VE OVERLOOKED THE ANSWER, MIKE! THERE MAY NOT BE ANY RUSTLERS . I'LL MOSEY INTO TOWN AND SEE IF THEY'RE HIDING OUT THERE!
TARNATION! I COME TUH YOU FOR HELP AND ALL I GIT IS CRAZY TALK!
IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A MAN QUIT THIS LAW ENFORCIN, AND TRY WRANGLIN COWS FER A LIVIN! NOW, WHAT FER WOULD RUSTLERS WANT TO HIDE OUT IN A TOWN LIKE DOBIE?
IN DOBIE, TOM MIX VISITS THE BARBER SHOP....
HOW'S SUSINESS FRANK? ANY NEW CUSTOMERS COME INTO TOWN LATELY?
A FEW! MOSTLY NEW HANDS HIRED BY BART STEVENS OVER AT THE CROSS BAR X RANCH!
BART STEVENS LET MOST OF HIS OLD CREW GO! THESE NEW MEN AIN'T RIGHTLY LIKE COWBOYS ATALL, CLOSEMOUTHED AND UNFRIENDLY LIKE...
YOU DON'T SAY?
NEIGHHHH!
WHAT'S THAT?
BARBER


TONY!


I NEVER SAW TONY IN A FIGHT BEFORE! I'LL NEED THIS WHIP ..


NO NEED TO HIT HIM! THE SOUND OF THE WHIP WILL DRIVE HIM OFF!
CRACKLE
SNAP!
BLA
JAC

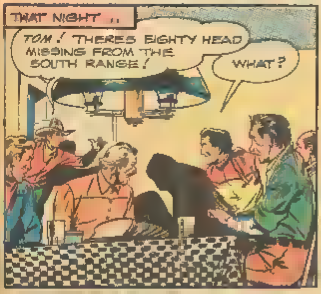

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF WHIPPING MY HORSE.?
I NEVER TOUCHED HIM! HE WAS TRYING TO KILL TONY!

YOU NEED A LESSON. AND I'M THE MAN TUH TEACH IT TUH YOU!
UHHH!
BAM

YOU'RE AWFUL SHORT ON TEMPER! JUST LIKE THAT HORSE OF YOURS.
CLOUT

YOU BOTH NEED TO GET IT KNOCKED OUT OF YOU!
SOCK!

IN CASE YOU'D LIKE TO CONTINUE OUR TALK PEACEABLE, I'M LISTENING!
YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS, MIX! BART STEVENS ISN'T THE MAN TO FORGET AN INJURY!
HARRY'S
THAT WHITE HORSE WEARS A BUILT UP SHOE! MUST HAVE INJURED ITS HOOF SOMETIME OR OTHER...
AND YOU MUST HAVE CROSSED HIS PATH ONE TIME OR OTHER TOO! NO SADDLE-BROKE HORSE WILL PITCH IN FOR A FIGHT LIKE HE DID UNLESS THERE'S A REASON!
TONY MUST HAVE KNOWN THAT WHITE HORSE WHEN HE WAS STILL RUNNING WILD! BUT HOW CAN THAT BE, UNLESS HE ONCE WAS PART OF THE TM BAR HERD? MAYBE THIS BART STEVENS COULD STAND SOME INVESTIGATING...
IN THE DOBIE BANK...
WE DON'T USUALLY REVEAL FACTS ABOUT OUR CUSTOMERS' FINANCES, MR. MIX! BUT IN THIS CASE, I'LL MAKE AN EXCEPTION! THE BANK HOLDS A BIG MORTGAGE ON BART STEVENS' CROSS BAR X RANCH...
IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN THE PROPERTY YOU COULD BUY IT FROM US AFTER WE FORECLOSE NEXT MONTH!
I'LL THINK IT OVER! THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION!
SO BART STEVENS IS HAVING FINANCIAL TROUBLES! AND HE'S HIRED NEW RANGE-RIDERS, TOO! IT'LL ALL ADD UP TO STEVENS BEING THE HEAD OF THE RUSTLERS!... BUT I'LL NEED MORE EVIDENCE THAN I'VE GOT SO FAR!
HARDWARE

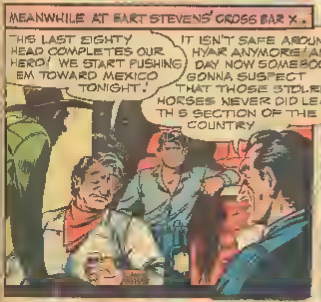

THAT NIGHT ..
TOM! THERE'S EIGHTY HEAD MISSING FROM THE SOUTH RANGE!
WHAT?

WE'VE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE! CAN'T LOCATE 'EM..!
IF THOSE HORSES AREN'T FOUND, I'LL BE RUINED! NO RANCH CAN STAND A LOSS LIKE THAT!

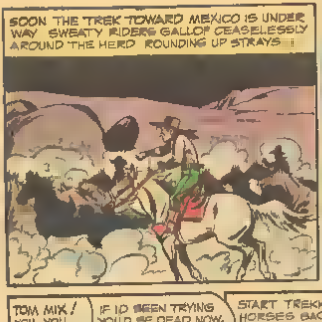
WANT US TO RIDE WITH YOU, TOM?
NO THANKS, BOYS! THIS IS ONE JOB I WANT TO HANDLE ALONE!

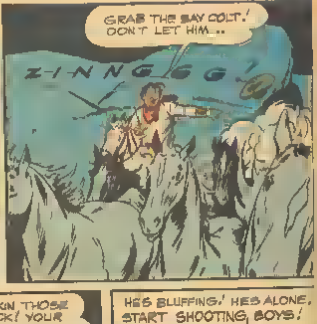
AFTER AN HOURS SEARCH, TOM MIKS KEEN EYES SPOT AN UNMISTAKABLE CLUE...
THE LEFT HIND LEG PRINT IT WAS MADE BY A HORSE WITH A BUILT-UP SHOE! BART STEVENS' HORSE...
NEIGHHH!

DIG DIRT TONY! WE'RE PAYING A SURPRISE VISIT TO THE CROSS BAR X!


MEANWHILE AT BART STEVENS' CROSS BAR X.
THIS LAST EIGHTY HEAD COMPLETES OUR HERD! WE START PUSHING 'EM TOWARD MEXICO TONIGHT!
IT ISN'T SAFE AROUND HYAR ANYMORE! ANY DAY NOW SOMEBODY'S GONNA SUSPECT THAT THOSE STOLEN HORSES NEVER DID LEAVE THIS SECTION OF THE COUNTRY

AND IF ANYBODY STARTS LOOKIN OVER THE HORSES GRAZING IN YOUR FIELD HE'S SURE TO SPOT HOW WE SWITCHED BRANDS!
ENOUGH TALK! LETS GIT START-ED!


SOON THE TREK TOWARD MEXICO IS UNDER WAY SWEATY RIDERS GALLOP CEASELESSLY AROUND THE HERD ROUNDING UP STRAYS


GRAB THE BAY COLT! DON'T LET HIM...
Z-I-N-N-G-G-G!

TOM MIX! YOU-YOU TRIED TO KILL ME!
IF I'D BEEN TRYING YOU'D BE DEAD NOW, STEVENS! THAT WAS JUST A WARNING SHOT!

START TREKKIN THOSE HORSES BACK! YOUR RUSTLING DAYS ARE OVER! I BROUGHT THE SHERIFF WITH ME WHEN I FOUND OUT WHICH WAY YOU WERE HEADING!

HE'S BLUFFING! HE'S ALONE. START SHOOTING, BOYS!
BANG!
BANG!

BUT BEFORE SART STEVENS MEN GET THEIR GUNS FROM THEIR HOLSTERS...
HOIST 'EM BOYS! HIGH! HIGH I SAID!
D-DON'T SHOOT! WE SURRENDER!

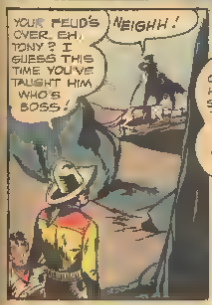
IT'S THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTIES! MIX WASN'T BLUFFING AFTER ALL! I'D BETTER MAKE TRACKS!

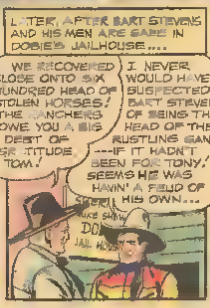
WHAT TH—!
NEIGHHH!

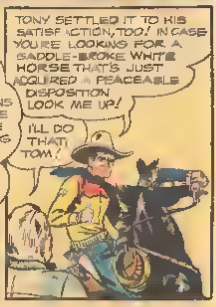
I'LL SHOOT THAT ★!!@ 23! HORSE!
NO YOU DON'T!

BLAST YORE HIDE, NIX, I'LL....

YOU'LL SWALLOW A FEW TEETH! THAT'LL KEEP YOU QUIET!
SPATT!


YOUR FEUD'S OVER, EH, TONY? I GUESS THIS TIME YOU'VE TAUGHT HIM WHO'S BOSS!
NEIGHH!


LATER, AFTER BART STEVENS AND HIS MEN ARE SAFE IN DOBIE'S JAILHOUSE....
WE RECOVERED CLOSE ONTO SIX HUNDRIED HEAD OF STOLEN HORSES! THE RANCHERS OWE YOU A BIG DEBT OF GRITUDE, TOM!
I NEVER WOULD HAVE SUSPECTED BART STEVENS OF BEING THE HEAD OF THE RUSTLING GANG ---IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR TONY! SEEMS HE WAS HAVIN' A FIELD OF HIS OWN...


TONY SETTLED IT TO HIS SATISFACTION, TOO! IN CASE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A SADDLE-BROKE WHITE HORSE THAT'S JUST ACQUIRED A PEACEABLE DISPOSITION, LOOK ME UP!
I'LL DO THAT, TOM!

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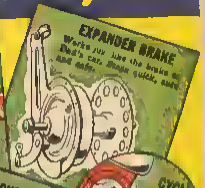

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